
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

A

P O E M.



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By T. S. SURR.

7

—— If unhappily deceiv'd I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake
That Zeal—not Vanity—has chanc'd to make,
And spare the Poet for his Subject's Sake.

COWPER.

L O N D O N,

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1797.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie



TO THE
NUMEROUS
AND
RESPECTABLE INDIVIDUALS,
EDUCATED IN
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

GENTLEMEN,

THE humble Production, which now solicits your Patronage,
rests it's Claim to that Honor solely on it's Design.

The pleasing opportunities I have frequently had of observing the smile of gratitude, which the bare mention of CHRIST'S HOSPITAL has brought upon the lips of many, who were proud to own their boundless obligations to it's bounty, induced me to attempt the following poem: in which it has been my aim to awaken the remembrance of scenes, which cannot fail to please,—to pay a public tribute of gratitude to our illustrious Founders and Benefactors, and to honor the noble Institution itself, by a display of it's extensive

beneficial influence upon the Commerce, Arms, Arts, Sciences, and Religion of our Country.

Such, Gentlemen, is my design ; and, to fail in it's execution, will be a disappointment, which I shall the less regret, if the Attempt merits your Approbation.

I have the Honor to be, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

Very humble Servant,

LONDON,
SEPT. 1797.

T. S. SURR.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

IN vain the feeble optics of proud man,
Th' extent of Boundless Wisdom aim to scan :
In vain attempt to penetrate those skies,
Where the Eternal Purpose veiled lies !
Else might th' enquiring mind explore to know,
Why Love Omnific has permitted woe :
Why at the close of Autumn's lovely scenes
The icy reign of Winter intervenes ;
Ere smiling Spring leads on her flow'ry train,
Or Summer fruits their blushing ripeness gain ?
Fruitless researches ! Ye disarm the soul,
And loose it from Religion's sweet controul ;
Which teaches man with rev'rence to assign
Effects of Nature to a Cause Divine.

A

Had

Had one unchequer'd scene of prosp'rous fate
 Shone through the drama of man's present state;
 Nor Want, nor Woe, e'er visited the earth,
 Who, Charity, had hailed thy smiling birth?
 Where would young Industry have rear'd his head,
 Or whither would the Cherub Hope have fled?
 To sons of Earth a varying Fate's decreed:
 Lo Health and Sicknefs—Affluence and Need!
 Here the chear'd heart with gratitude o'erflows,
 There Bounty's breast with gen'rous rapture glows.

Oh mean the mind, poor, cold and empty space,
 In which Compassion fills no hallow'd place!
 Sweet principle! which prompts a tear to flow
 E'en at the pains inferior natures know:
 Food and a shelter to the Robin yields,
 When Winter drives him from the frozen fields;

And

And anxious e'en the meanest life to save,
 Rescues a Fly when struggling with a wave.

But when the suff'rings of a brother Man
 Awake Compassion to some gen'rous plan,
 Say, ye, who the exalted impulse feel,
 What transports on the bosom sweetly steal
 When Pity wipes the tear from Mis'ry's eye,
 And soothes Misfortune till it cease to sigh !
 Oh joy supreme ! more genial to the soul
 Than short-lived Mirth that flits o'er Pleasure's bowl ;
 Rapture more exquisite than Love inspires,
 When soften'd Beauty yields to chaste desires ;
 Unfading, holy, heavenly delight,
 In which Man's nature and his God's unite !

Is there, whose soul desirous of renown,
 Pants in remotest ages to be known,
 To wreath his brows with ever-blooming bays,
 And live for ever in his country's praise?
 To sweet Compassion's dictates let him bend,
 And earn the title of his country's friend,
 Scorning the triumphs of the martial car,
 And blood-stained honors of destructive War!
 The glory that furrounds a Cæsar's head,
 Reflects its rays upon the blood he shed;
 Whilst the lov'd names that deck Compassion's shrine,
 With mild undazzling splendor spotless shine!

In strains melodious the trump of Fame,
 Enamour'd, echoes the Sixth Edward's name;
 A name, which Charity has firm impress'd
 On the warm feelings of the grateful breast:

A name

A name which many a' Lazar has ador'd,
 When sooth'd in Sickness or to Health restor'd;
 And still more hallow'd by a grateful race,
 Whose penitence was born of their² disgrace;
 Who snatch'd from ruin ready to destroy,
 Mingle their praises with the angels joy.

But now is heard a more enchanting sound,
 Hark ! from the distant airs sweet notes rebound :
 Listen again ! and still 'tis Edward's praise,
 Which bands of orphans chaunt in artless lays.
 Orphans in name alone, who daily share,
 The various blessings of parental care.

¹ St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark, was founded by Edward VI. for the relief of the sick and wounded poor.

² Bridewell Hospital for the reception of vagrants and disorderly persons, was also founded by Edward VI ; and in its original design greatly resembled the benevolent institution of the present Philanthropic Society.

O bear

Oh bear me, Mem'ry, to the happy throng,
 Where oft I've mingled in the grateful song ;
 With renovated rapture let me dwell,
 On scenes I honor, and I love so well !
 To me would Milton's genius impart,
 A Milton's power in the tuneful art ;
 The proudest effort of my skill should be,
 Honor'd Christ's Hospital to sing of thee !
 To thee I'd strike my highest, noblest chord,
 Thy praise my theme—thy honor my reward !

In days of yore, when Superstition's hand
 The sceptre sway'd o'er a benighted land,
 Thy ancient walls arose : the pious toil
 Of Romish zealots rear'd the Gothic pile¹ :

¹ The Monastery of the Franciscan, or Grey Friars, was founded in the year 1224, principally at the charge of John Edwin, Mercer, assisted by the pious contributions of the Citizens of London and others—

See Stow's Survey of London, and Leland's Collection.

The

The mould'ring relics of whose pristine form,
 Unyielding still to Time's incessant storm,
 Speak to Reflection of that gloomy hour,
 When Albion sigh'd, oppress'd by papal power :
 When Reason, pure directress of the mind,
 To Bigotry a victim was consign'd :
 And when that Freedom, Albion's sons adore,
 Wander'd an exile from her native shore.

Yet tho' midst clouds the antique fabric rose,
 Tho' drear the scenes its earliest days disclose,
 A sun was rising, whose celestial light,
 Dispers'd the gloom, and broke the spells of night :
 Reform, long lab'ring in the womb of time,
 Burst into birth, and cheer'd a darken'd clime.

As

As when, some latent evil to destroy,
 Heav'n deems it meet the tempest to employ;
 Fierce rushes forth the Spirit of the storm,
 Well pleas'd the face of Nature to deform,
 With ruthless cruelty delights to flay,
 And dæmon-like enjoys the wide difmay:
 But when his Ruler's purpose is achiev'd,
 His triumph ends, and Nature is reliev'd:
 Then sinks the Monster to his prison caves,
 Which lie conceal'd beneath old Ocean's waves.

So, vast designs of Mercy to fulfill,
 The Pow'r of Pow'rs o'er-rul'd a tyrant's will;
 So, wanton cruelty defil'd the pow'r
 Which Henry wielded in a gloomy hour.

* Henry VIII.

With

With shew of right the foulest deeds to cloak,
 The lustful tyrant broke the Papal yoke ;
 Suppress'd the Convent, that its glitt'ring hoard
 Might spread with luxuries his festive board,
 And ne'er imagin'd, that the joys he fought,
 With human life-blood were too dearly bought.
 At length unpitied sunk into his tomb
 The dæmon, who destroy'd the pow'r of Rome ;
 The tempest of the moral world was o'er,
 And Reason dawn'd where Ign'rance reign'd before.

Then Edward, Friend of Man, and best of Kings,
 Rose like the glorious orb, whence morning springs,
 Before whose wholesome beams Delusion fled,
 And the dire ills of Superstition bred.
 Around his throne a' Glory shed its rays,
 Whose lustre pierc'd the mists of former days ;

* The promoters of the Reformation.

Truth crown'd the work, Impiety began,
 Releas'd from servile bonds the mind of Man,
 O'erthrew the tyranny, that aw'd the foul,
 And left the Conscience to its own controul.

Freed from monastic dreams, long-flumb'ring man
 Awoke, and blush'd to muse the race he ran ;
 Recoil'd indignant at the Convent's gloom,
 The pious horrors of a living tomb,
 Spurn'd the vile legends priestly Fraud had spread,
 And scoff'd the thunders, he was wont to dread :
 Smil'd at the vengeance of the papal throne,
 Rev'renc'd his God, and fear'd but Him alone.

The noblest feelings grac'd young Edward's breast,
 The bad he pitied, and the good carest ;

Call'd

Call'd to a throne in years yet immature,
 His actions speak a mind sage, polish'd, pure.
 How ill attun'd his bosom was to hate,
 The tears that dew'd a rebel uncle's fate
 Proclaim: and that his heart felt Pity's glow,
 We learn from monuments of conquer'd woe.
 Of these the chief, behold a chearful' dome
 Smile, where the Convent frown'd 'midst chilling
 gloom:

Behold Christ's Hospital, whose lib'ral plan
 Honors the heart, and intellects of man!
 Where the cowl'd Monk had slept his life away,
 Lo Charity's triumphant banners play!

' " In the year 1552, King Edward VI. founded Christ's Hospital in the Grey-
 " Friars Convent: and such was the diligence of those employed to execute this
 " great and good plan, that the Grey-Friars Convent was *fitted up* and *converted* to
 " the use of poor fatherless children, and 340 were admitted upon its foundation in
 " the same year."

Entick's Survey of London, taken from Stow, Leland, &c.

Oh foul enchanting change ! the cloisters drear,
 That oft had witness'd the desponding tear,
 And echo'd oft the agonizing sigh
 Of bosoms lab'ring with the wish to die,
 With youthful sports, and peals of boyish mirth,
 Now joyous ring at Morning's rosy birth ;
 And when illumin'd by the moon's pale rays,
 Whisper the breeze of peace, or echo praise.

For this benignant change, around thy tomb,
 Edward, fresh honors shall for ever bloom :
 Oft is the laurel waving o'er thy bier,
 Refresh'd by many a Widow's grateful tear :
 It shall not wither till the sun shall fade,
 Shall not decay, till Nature has decay'd.

Nor

Nor shall the grateful Muse neglect to pay
 To other shades the tributary lay :
 For see, resplendent on th' historic page,
 Names, that shed lustre on a darken'd age ;
 Names, that to Albion's genius are dear,
 Names, o'er which pure Religion drops a tear.
 'Twas Ridley's, Cranmer's, piety and worth,
 Which form'd the grand design, and watch'd its birth ;
 'Twas their's to regulate the useful course
 Of Edward's bounty from its gen'rous source ;
 Whose pious breasts a patriot ardor fir'd,
 Whose zeal accomplish'd, what their love inspir'd.

When mitred Prelates, and the royal throne
 Had made the cause of Charity their own,
 Crowds of succeeding benefactors rose ;
 From fashion these—from purest bounty those.

See—

See—shining brighter from an obscure birth,
 A lowly man of most exalted worth !
 Hail to thee, 'Casteller, whose labour gain'd
 More than thy frugal family maintain'd ;
 Whose Charity bequeath'd a well earn'd store,
 To feed—to cloath—to educate the poor.

Such was the rise of this august design,
 Of prospect boundless, and of aim divine :
 On this foundation, gradually arose
 The noblest structure Britain's empire knows :

' " There was one Richard Casteller, shoemaker, dwelling in Westminster, a
 " man, who was very assiduous in his faculty with his own hands ; and such an
 " one as was named *The Cock of Westminster*, because both winter and summer he
 " was at work before four o'clock in the morning ; this man thus truly and pain-
 " fully labouring for his living, God blessed his labours so abundantly, that he pur-
 " chased lands and tenements at Westminster to the yearly value of 44l. and having
 " no child, with the consent of his wife, gave the same lands wholly to Christ's
 " Hospital."

Entick's Survey of London, taken from Stow, &c.

Tho'

Tho' England long has been the honor'd seat
 Of Charity, her lov'd and fix'd retreat,
 Yet one proud fabric on this favour'd Isle
 Boasts a superior int'rest in her smile:
 It boasts, that there she has display'd a grace,
 Beyond the Muse's amplest pow'rs to trace:
 Boasts, that within the circle of it's walls
 Want's power ceases, and Woe's sceptre falls:
 Boasts of the wond'rous blessings there bestow'd,
 Which help the helpless on life's thorny road;
 Which waken Industry—which scatter lore—
 Stamp Virtue's image on the mind's rich ore—
 Which foster Genius, and aid its rise
 From Want's cold region to its native skies.

It was Matilda's happy lot to prove
 The heart-felt pleasures of connubial Love.

Long

Long on life's ocean proudly swell'd the sails
 Of her gay bark with Fortune's fairest gales ;
 When suddenly Affliction's tempest rose,
 And Hope's bright scenes for ever seem'd to close :
 Eight summers had Matilda been a bride,
 When ev'ry earthly hope with Henry died.
 Lo the pale mourner ! her dishevell'd hair,
 And frantic gestures speak her soul's despair.
 " He's gone" she screams " they've laid him in the
 grave,
 " His wife's—his children's pray'rs have fail'd to
 save :
 " Oh, hapless orphan ! oh my darling boy,
 " Buried is ev'ry hope of future joy :
 " Cold Want shall chill the powers of thy soul,
 " Or Vice allure them under it's controul:

" The

" The hand that should direct thine arduous way
 " To Virtue's goal—is cold, and lifeless clay.
 " Go, burst the portal of thy father's tomb,
 " And seek thine only shelter in its womb!"
 While yet she speaks, she hears a seraph voice,
 In soothing accents, whisper, " Hail, Rejoice."
 She turns, she gazes with a pleasing awe
 Upon the fairest form the world e'er saw.
 'Tis Charity, array'd in sweetest smiles,
 With countenance that keenest grief beguiles:
 " Widow" she cries " this child of Want be mine:
 " Not to the tomb, to me your boy resign.
 " To Edward's friendly dome his steps I'll lead;
 " There shelter'd from the deadly blights of Need,
 " Transplanted in that health inspiring soil,
 " This bud of Sorrow, shall Hope's blossom smile;

C

" Shall

" Shall, foster'd by Instruction's timely care,
 " The fruit of active Merit early bear ;
 " And, tho' 'midst weeds of Woe its growth began,
 " Shall ripen into virtuous, happy Man !"

O Muse, this is no visionary theme,
 No charm of fancy, no poetic dream :
 Such soothing sounds to many a drooping heart,
 The cheering cordial of Hope impart ;
 And many a smiling evidence appears,
 Whose morn of Life foreboded only tears.

Mark now the stripping his first thoughts employ
 On his new liv'ry as a Blue-coat Boy !
 Matilda views him with a mother's eyes,
 Joys that he stays—and yet to leave him—sighs.

Till

Till he, of his new privileges proud,
 Flies from her arms—and joins the sportive crowd :
 Then grateful, sorrowful, she bends her way,
 Cheer'd with Hope's vision of a future day ;
 Which gilds the ev'ning of her life with joy,
 When he, whom now she leaves a helpless boy,
 Mature in years and virtues shall arise
 To soothe the cares of age, and close her peaceful
 eyes.—

Now with a fairy step, pleas'd Fancy strays
 O'er the sweet vision of my boyish days ;
 And follows him thro' each succeeding School,
 Where rigid Justice holds impartial rule,
 Where no rich dunce can rise on bags of gold,
 Nor meed of Merit can be bought or sold ;

Where, as the youthful mind its bias shews,
 With dulness freezes, or with genius glows,
 Its native powers are to Science train'd,
 Till Learning's highest summit is attain'd;
 Or to pursuits of humbler aim confin'd,
 The track is follow'd, Nature has design'd:
 No barrier crosses Emulation's plain,
 But simply to deserve, is to obtain.
 Fancy pursues him in his boyish sports,
 And strolls to all his holiday resorts:
 When Summer fun-beams tremble in the wave,
 Views him the river's depth courageous brave:
 Or when hoar frost congeals the flowing tide,
 Swift o'er its icy bosom fees him glide.

But chief I love in fancy to repair,
 On Sabbath ev'nings to the Hall of Pray'r.

O ye,

O ye, within whose bosom warmly glows
 A heart, that pitying throbs for human woes ;
 A heart, that swells with grateful, joyful sense,
 When Mercy smiles on helpless Innocence ;
 Oh hither bend your steps, here raptur'd gaze
 On living monuments of Edward's praise !
 Here view, beneath one roof, the num'rous train
 Of Sorrow's offspring, Bounty's stores maintain !
 Here view on orphan brows Contentment's air,
 The smile of Innocence devoid of care !
 A band of brothers ! scions of one flock !
 In the world's wilderness, a helpless flock ;
 Whom Mercy shelters on this hallow'd ground,
 From Want, and Woe, and Vice, which prowl
 around !

Now

Now mark the Sacred Duties of the place :
 Their youthful Priest recites the Word of Grace,
 And offers up to Heav'n the orphan's pray'r
 For those, who make the orphan's Woes, their care.
 Now the loud notes of Gratitude arise,
 And mingle with the chorus of the skies.

Hail scene, unrivall'd in the world's wide sphere,
 Which God himself approves—and Men revere.—

When chearful Spring succeeds to Winter's gloom,
 'Tis sweet to see the tender branches bloom :
 'Tis grateful to reflect upon the care,
 Which screen'd the scions from the nipping air,
 To see, that spite of chilling frosts and snows,
 The plant still flourishes—the flower blows.

So

So the Philanthropist on this blest spot,
 With conscious joy surveys the orphan's lot.
 His bosom heaves with exquisite delight,
 To view the mind, thus fav'd from Sorrow's blight,
 Beneath a genial clime its pow'rs unfold,
 By Vice, by Want, unfullied, uncontroul'd :
 To mark the onward progress of its course,
 Near and more near to its eternal source.
 Let ancient Greece, with pride triumphant, claim
 The works of Art, and Taste, which bear her name ;
 Busts, that with living ardor seem to glow,
 Statues, thro' which Life's streams appear to flow :
 Let Italy with zealous rapture trace
 Her pencil's powers, dignity, and grace :
 England, thy Edward's works, which grace this dome,
 Eclipse the proudest arts of Greece and Rome.

The

The best wrought statues Athens e'er produc'd,
 To scatter'd atoms ages have reduc'd ;
 Rome's richest colourings of light and shade,
 At ruthless Time's unsparing touch shall fade.
 But Charity's immortal works shall last,
 Beyond th' Archangel's world-dissolving blast :
 The mind, the forms, with still expanding ray,
 Shines the bright sun of an eternal day.

Meanwhile, oh Albion, wide as thy renown,
 The fame of Edward's Bounty shall be known.
 Where'er thy Commerce spreads its daring sails,
 Or fill'd with Arctic, or Antarctic gales ;
 Where'er thy floating tow'rs their thunders pour,
 On Hindostan's, or Gallia's hostile shore ;
 Where'er thy name shines forth in arts refin'd,
 Delights the polish'd—awes the savage mind ;

Where

Where'er the Sciences thy sons improve,
 Gain thee just Rev'rence, and filial Love ;
 There—many a son of Edward shall proclaim,
 With grateful pride, Christ's Hospital's high fame.

The Merchant shall amaze the savage mind
 With tales of Woe and Charity combin'd ;
 The list'ning Indian shall weep to hear
 The load of Want, the poor of Albion bear ;
 'Till he, who now exhibits his rich store,
 Says with a grateful smile, " I once was poor :
 " The Wealth that's mine, Industrious toil procur'd,
 " But who to Industry my youth inur'd ?
 " Not the kind chast'nings of a Father's hand
 " Sav'd ME from youthful Indolence's strand :
 " 'Twas thine, blest Refuge from Life's early storm,
 " The active Mind, the honest Heart to form !

D

" My

“ My foul delights to pay the debt it owes,
 “ And praise the fount, from whence my Fortune flows.”

Do War's wild notes insult a British race?
 Britannia's sons fear nothing but disgrace.
 See proudly sailing from her various ports,
 England's Revenge display'd from Naval forts!
 Whose dauntless prows divide the foaming surge,
 Whose brave defenders instant battle urge.
 Far round extends the Conflict's dreadful rage,
 Tremendous as when elements engage.
 Mark! in that awful hour of hov'ring fate,
 When Vict'ry and Defeat suspended wait,
 Mark! midst the British youths, whose souls of fire
 To deeds of highest daring proud aspire;
 A gallant Hero, with resistless force,
 Thro' deadly volleys urge his fearless course!

Say

Say whence arises that superior zeal,
 Whence springs that ardor for his Country's weal?
 What blood illustrious animates his frame,
 What noble race is honor'd by his name?

He to Misfortune only was the heir,
 And grew beneath Compassion's tender care.
 Train'd in the School a 'Charles's Bounty gave,
 'Tis GRATITUDE compels him to be brave.
 Shelter'd by Charity from chilling skies,
 The cherish'd wings of Valour learn'd to rise!
 Until the eaglet, rear'd in Pity's breast,
 O'er Gallia's conquer'd banners rears an eagle's crest.

¹ The Mathematical School, in Christ's Hospital, was founded by King Charles the Second, for the education of youths intended for the Royal Navy and Merchant's service.

Ye classic halls ! ye academic groves,
 Where Science has enroll'd the names she loves !
 With awe I trespass on your hallow'd ground,
 And silent pause, and timid gaze around ;
 For I, a stranger,—but in fancy stray,
 Where Learning holds her venerated sway.

There roves, contemplative, the Man of Mind,
 Whom Thought has waken'd, Learning has refin'd,
 Where Knowledge to his view unclasps her page,
 The progress of the Mind thro' many an age.
 There Emulation fair holds out her hand,
 And beckons to the youthful classic band,
 And points to Merit's glittering reward,
 Honor's bright crown—Posterity's regard ;
 Kindling the gen'rous flame within the soul,
 Which lights it onward to the distant goal !

Amidst

Amidst the crowd, which Emulation fires,
 And Heav'n-descended Genius inspires,
 My eyes delighted on THEIR HONORS gaze,
 Whose Merits are their benefactors praise;
 And view those Merits crown'd in learned halls,
 Which dawn'd within our Edward's fost'ring walls.

In yon sweet vale, where blithe 'Contentment
 dwells,
 And Peace fits list'ning to the sabbath bells,
 A mansion, cloath'd with woodbine tendrils fair,
 Adjoins the rural hamlet's House of Pray'r.
 Hail! happy, humble roof, where Truth and Grace,
 Shine in thy master's venerable face.

* For the image in this and the following line, the Author is indebted to the
 Revd. W. L. Bowles's Verses to Mr. Burke.

Oft have I listen'd with the rustic throng,
 To truth's sweet dictates flowing from his tongue,
 As many a summer's eve, their labours o'er,
 Admiring peasants flock'd around his door;
 And stood amaz'd to hear the Learned Man
 Assist their minds sublimest truths to scan:
 Explain how the illustrious orb of day,
 Alternate sheds on either world his ray;
 Or pointing to the stars that twinkled round,
 Their names, their course, in simplest words expound;
 Deducing thus from Nature's wond'rous laws,
 The Pow'r and Wisdom of the Great First Cause.
 Thence would he lead the rustic's pliant mind
 To duties, which the social union bind:
 Descant upon the peace just laws ensure,
 Which spread an equal shield o'er rich and poor;

Display

Display the blessings that from Labour flow,
 Whilst youthful Indolence is breeding Woe;
 Display what healthful joys from Temp'rance spring,
 And shew Intoxication's pois'nous sting.
 Thus would he teach his audience to prize
 Fair Virtue for the sweets which she supplies,
 And shun alluring Vice's treach'rous road,
 Where rose leaves strew'd conceal the deadly goad.

But, when sweet Charity his theme became,
 His illustration was our Edward's name :
 See glist'ning in his eye the grateful tear,
 Whilst smiles of joy, such as the Angels wear,
 Adorn his countenance, and grace the lays,
 In which he chaunts his benefactors praise.
 Back to his school-boy days the vet'ran roves,
 And travels o'er again the scenes he loves :

Tells

Tells of that wond'rous source of gen'ral good,
 That grave of mis'ry's woe—inflicting brood ;
 Source—whence he gather'd learning, honor, truth,
 Grave—which receiv'd the sorrows of his youth :
 And still that Charity his praise employs,
 Which gave the competence,¹ he now enjoys.
 Thus does he talk—till from the hamlet spire,
 Time warns his ling'ring list'ners to retire :
 Then each delighted parent home repairs,
 And when he offers up his Ev'ning Pray'rs,
 Implores this blessing—that when he's no more,
 If he should leave his tender offspring poor ;
 Some gen'rous patron of that blest asyle,
 May cast upon his boys a pitying smile ;

¹ Most of the livings in the Gift of Christ's Hospital are held by incumbents, who owe their education to its bounty.

That

That they may walk the path his pastor trod,
As warmly love their kind, as truly serve their God.

Hail now my Muse the active sons of toil,
Who patient ply the loom or till the soil !
Nor thou, with scornful lip, O wealthy Pride,
Their worth depreciate or their lot deride !
Nor ye, who boast a cultivated mind,
Disdain a brother-mortal, less refin'd !
Whence rises, Affluence, thy golden store ?
Whence comes lov'd leisure to the sons of lore ?
Say, first of Cities, whence thy grandeur springs ?
Say whence the wealth of states—the state of Kings ?
From the big drops, that moisten Labor's brow,
The Learning, Wealth, and Pow'r of Nations flow.
And see in crowds the sons of Labor come
To pay their homage at our Edward's tomb !

E

Tho'

Tho' to their minds no classic page displays
 A Tully's or a Plato's brilliant rays,
 Yet lo ! they grateful bow at Mercy's throne,
 Which made Religion's purer precepts known;
 Which taught them to respect their country's laws,
 Promote her int'rests, and defend her cause,
 Forming each noble principle that swells
 The manly breast, where Independence dwells.

Thus Charity assists the Arts to thrive,
 Bids Science persevere, and Commerce live,
 Reverses the decrees of sternest fate,
 And makes the child of Want—a pillar of the state.

Shall then that noble Fount e'er lack supply,
 Whence flow such blessings?—Shall Compassion die

Within

Within the bosoms of a British race,
 And future sons their gen'rous fires disgrace?
 Shall e'er the rising sun on Albion's isle
 Behold in ruins Edward's noble pile?
 "Christ's Hospital in ruins!" At that sound
 Groans, shrieks and lamentations echo round;
 Tears dew the earth, loud sighs convulse the air,
 And hideous shouts proclaim the triumph of despair!

Blush, blush, O guilty Muse! It is a crime
 To paint such scenes beneath a British clime.

Vanish ye baseless fears! Disgraceful doubts away!
 Wake, wake to notes of joy the rapt'rous lay!
 Lo! brighter visions gain upon the sight,
 Forms that enchant, and prospects that delight.

See

See Hope advances with a smile, that charms ;
 Before her fly, Fears, Doubts, Distress, Alarms.
 Leaning on Truth, the Heav'nly form moves on ;
 Slaves, which in battle from Despair she won,
 In bonds of roses willing grace her train,
 Enamour'd of her anguish-soothing strain.
 A brilliant mirror in her hand she bears,
 Displaying fairest views of unborn years.
 She sings—and notes seraphic strike my ear,
 And sounds too exquisite for Man to hear :
 Sounds such as float round the celestial choir,
 When Cherubs sing, and Angels strike the lyre.
 On distant scenes of Charity she dwells,
 Of Benefactors yet unborn she tells,
 And sings,—the bless'd asyle shall never want,
 Whate'er the warmest Love can wish to grant.

Truth

Truth listens to her lays—approving bows,
And Hope's sweet notes become prophetic vows.

On you, illustrious band^r, this vision rests,
On your just councils, and your gen'rous breasts ;
Whose Bounty zealous, vigilant, benign,
On firmest base sustains the grand design.
To you—your Country and your God award
A People's homage, and a High Reward.
And never, never shall our Edward's pile
Become the fiend Destruction's conquer'd spoil,
'Till from his fix'd abode the Sun shall fall,
'Till Time be conquer'd, having conquer'd all ;
And Dissolution's banners be unfurl'd
Triumphant o'er the void, where once revolv'd the
world.

^r The Governors.

F I N I S.

Truth listens to her lay—proving love,
 And Hope's sweet voice—her voice is yours.

On you, illustrious land, this vision rests,
 On your just councils, and your generous breasts;
 Whole Britain's anxious vigils, benign,
 On firmest base sustains the grand design.
 To you—your Country and your God award
 A People's homage, and a High Reward.

And never, never shall the Islands' bliss
 Become the land of the conquered soil.
 Till from his fild' above the Sun shall fall,
 Till Time be conquer'd, having conquer'd all;
 And Disolution's banners be unroll'd,
 Things as they are the void, we can once revolve the



